The times Displayed in SIX SESTYADS:

The first { *A Presbyter, an Independent.*

The second { *An Anabaptist and a Brownist.*

The third { *An Antinomian and a Familist.*

The fourth { *A Libertine and an Arminian.*

The Fift { *A Protestant and eke a Papist.*

All these dispute in severall Tracts, and be Divulgers, as of Truth, so Fallacie.

The sixt { *Apollo, grieves to see the Times So pester'd with Mechannicks lavish Rimes.*

Scribimus indocti, Doctique Poemata Passim.

London, Printed and are to be sold by *J. P.* at his shop neer the Sessions house in the *Old Bayly*. 1646.

The times Displayed

IN SIX

SESTYADS:

The first { A Presbyter,
and an Independent.

The second { An Erastian,
and a Seeker.

The third { An Anabaptist,
and a Socinian.

The fourth { A Libertine
and an Arminian.

The Fifth { A Papist
and ye a Papist.

All these disputes in several Tracts, and be
Divulged, as of Truth, to Fallacie.

The Sixt { Apollo, grieved to see the Times
so perplexed with Mechanicks Servile Rimes.

Scribimus indocti, Doctique Poemata Passim.

London, Printed and are to be sold by J. P. at his shop
near the Savoy-house in the Old Bayly. 1646.

TO

the Right Honourable *Philip Herbert*

Earl of Pembrook.

VOuchsafe great Lord, that art our Nations pride
In whose rare Vertues, they alone confide
To be the Patron, of my humble Muse
Who doth thee onely, her Mæcenas chuse:
This work displayes the times, therefore tis meet
I should present it, humbly at thy feet
Who art no server of the times, but thou
Will serve thy Nation, and thy help allow
For to maintain their Priviledges and be
A propogator, of Gods veritie.
To thee therefore great Lord, this work I give
That I and it, may in thy favour live.

Your Honours most

obedient Servant,

S. SHEPPARD.

An Anagram on the Name of the Right Honourable *Philip Herbert* Earl of Pembrook.

EARLE PHILIP HERBERT

Anagram

Pear help all Libertie.

Pear help all libertie, Great Lord we finde
How well thy Name, hath ſuited to thy mind.

When England was in danger ſlav'd to be
Then thou great Lord, didſt help all Libertie
And by thy circumſpect, and prudent wit
Sawſt evill coming and diverted it;
To thee therefore a trophie I will raiſe
And ſing in Verſe, that aye ſhall laſt (thy praiſe.)

THE

THE TIMES DISPLAYED IN SIX SESTIADS.

THE FIRST SESTIAD:

The Argument,

An Independent *and a* Presbyter
Their severall Tenents, each do here prefer;
And while they, pro *and* con *do argue, we*
May judge of both, and which most erreth see.

INDEPENDENT.

AND have we spent our bloods to gain no more
We are as wretched as we were before
When as the Lordly Prelates, ruld the Land
Making Gods Truth, to stoop to your command
O thou immortall Rector when shall we
Be as we ought, and have our conscience free
From mens Injunctions,

PRESBYTER.

"See mans nature is
"Never contented, though he be in blisse,
"He would have yet more joy, why knowst thou not,
Or hath thy shallow memory forgot,
What great immunities are purchased
Since the great, little Prelate, lost his head

Are we not free from Papists lordly Reign
Who ruld, *Charls* onely called Soveraign;
Is not the throat of *Inovation* cut
Are not our Enemies, in pinfolds shut;
Are not those Courts, that rackt the Commons purses
" Receiving oft, their silver, with their curses
Abolisht, is not that same fatall court
Star Chamber cald, where six Lords could extort
What they would from the Commons, now put down
And in the stead mercy and Justice shown,
Are not all envious stickers;

Independent Ha, whose this
My utter enemy, I ween it is,
As the ill boding Scrilch-owl I do hate
Thy speeches, tell me art thou *Consecrate*,
An *Elder*, whom I may decipher thus
Hodie Clericus, cras Laicus:
Thee and thy tenents I abhor and hate
As errors, do all mischiefe properate
Perhaps thou art an *Expectant*, such there be
Who waite Election, in the Presbytery
I hold the Rule, of your Archi-synagogie
To be a cruell, Rigorous Tyrannie
Your high Sanhedrim, by which you undertake
Your Fellow Commoners, meer slaves to make
Your great Assembly is above all power
And what you please, you turn, and change each houre
So that Ide rather chuse, a slave to be
And vassaild, to the Bishops Hierchie
Then unto you subjected, pray whence rose
Your Reformation, but from *Knox*, and those
Seditious ones *Melvill* and *Lisley*, and
Peter Carmichael, who once did stand
In open opposition gainst all Law
In ordine ad Spiritualia.

A

Presbyter O Thou deluded, that art enemie
To God, doth not the sacred verity
Confirm, and eke command the Church should be
Guided by a Judicious Presbyterie
Thy Allegations are most false and naught,
Such as the Feind into thy mind hath brought:
Thou art a Libertine, and wouldst have none
To govern thee, but thy false heart alone
Woe be to *England*, hadst thou thy desire
Whose thoughts are swords, whose actions are fire
To ruin thine opposers, praised be
To the Almighties Sacred Majestie
Our prudent Parliament, do now proceed
To settle

Independent. What they have decreed
Theil finde when they have setled it most sure
Tis built on sand, and cannot long indure.

Presbyter. Well go thy wayes, let Sathan and his crue
The utmost of your wicked ends persue,
God will preserve his Church, and maugre all
Will have his own will to be principall
After so long obscurity, he now
Is pleasd unto his servants light to shew,
The true light of his face, the government,
He gave to his Apostles, with intent
They and the true Church, ever should observe
Which having purchasd, grant Lord, nere swerve
There-from, but us and ours imbrace it may
Untill the last, and dreadfull Judgement day.

The end of the first Sestiad.

The

The Second Sestyad.

The Argument

An Anabaptist and a Brownist here
Unmask themselves, and make the filth appear,
The while the one contendeth for himself
Averring he ought not baptize his elfe
Till hees of age, the other worse deluded
Saith, God hath England from the Church excluded.

Anabaptist.

After so long a night, of woe and sorrow
Behold a fair, and delicious morrow
After so many years, when we oppresst
Were fin'd imprisoned, and could never rest
For the *Beast* s *Image*, the hated Bishops (now)
We openly, and without, dread avow
Our tenents, dipping maids, and wives each day
Their naturall concupicence to alley,
And although some we drown, those drowned so
Doe but by water unto heaven go,
And ——

Brow. Ile not beleeve the Church of *England* is
A true Church, risking my assurance this,
When Bishops and their government did stand
And Popery was used in the Land
By singing, cringing, worshipping of tables
Christning of bells, with many other Fables,

Twas

'Twas then an * Antichriſtian Church, and now
They ſeem thoſe errors, for to diſavow
Inſtead thereof the *Engliſh* Parlament,
Set up a worſer, fiercer Government.
The ſpawn of Biſhops, now muſt rule, I gather
The wandring iſſue, of a miſled Father
For the Presbyterie, the wiſe can tel
We juſtly may with Biſhops paralel,
From them their Power 's deriv'd.
Anabaptiſt, All hail to thee
Dear Brother of our *NONCONFORMITIE*;
Both thee and I, like *Sampſons* Foxes do
Burn up *Gods* vineyard, work the Church much wo,
Why then are we eſtranged each from other,
Let mee imbrace thee, in my arms my Brother.
Brownist. Stay good, my friend, and know twixt thee & me
There is a very vaſt Antipathie,
I do not hold that Beaſts from death ſhal riſe
At the laſt day, nor yet in any wiſe
Can I beleeve, that ere the Damned ſhall
After ſome torments be releaſed all,
And plac'd in heavenly joys, for ſo you hold.
Anabap. Why then my Friend thou haſt the worſt on's told
By manifeſt *, that they may proved bee,
Thou now recitedſt, as an hereſie,
And this aſſure thy ſelf, who ere is not
Of our Society, ſhal have his lot
Amongſt the Damned, evermore to dwel,
Wailing his error, in the loweſt Hel.
Brownist. Raſhly concluded, thus each Sect doth ſay
He that treads not their paths, errs from the way.

*The *Brownists* hold our church to be Antichriſtian & Heretical; that becaus we have no Church, they are to ſever themſelvs from us, that without civil authority they are to erect a Church of their own.

Scriptures

The end of the ſecond Seſtiad.

The third Sestyad.

The Argument

One of the Family of Love
With an Antinomian meets
And divers questions they do move
Not parting without threats.

Familist.

AMor omnia vincit, 'twas that which mov'd
God for to come on earth, because he lov'd
The sons of men, tis love that all creates
Tis love that men and creatures propogates
Did men but know the sweet society
We do enjoy are of loves family
They would reject their burthensome Estate
And make themselves with us Incorporate,
How many Queenes, and princesses of might
To be made one of us, have tane delight,
As *Messalina*, *Cleopatra*, * She
Romes vulgar honour as a Dietie
Lais and *Thais*, O I me ravished
To think upon the pleasant Lectures read
To us, when we in full Assembly met,
The sisters on the brothers laps being set
Nothing but love our harmelesse souls desire
With love, each of our hearts is set on fire
This love we cherish, by all wayes we may.
For tis not good our loves should ought decay

*FLORA

And therefore Oysters, Lobsters, we prepare
Eringoes tatoes, and such toyish fare,
And this we do, to preserve love in us
For *sine Cerere & Bacho, friget Venus.*
Anti. My eares are blister'd; O what have I heard
And art thou not thou beast at all afeard
Of Hell, or thinkst thou the Almighty sleeps
Why he a bedrole of thy baseneſſe keeps
And will take vengeance on thee that dost make
Religion cloak thy evills.
Familist. Dost thou take
In hand sin to reprove, whose sins are such
That of thy blasphemies, there cant too much
Be spoken, thou denyest, the Law was given
To be mans Rule, although the Lord from heaven
Girt in bright flames, with awfull Majesty
The while the Trumpet sounded from on hie
Denounced Death, to him the same should break
And yet you dare with boldneſſe for to speak
And to divulge, you from the Law are freed
And you of nought but faith do stand in need.
Again, you teach, averring impiously
Your sins are pardond, ere committed be
Why then it seems Christ Jesus, to no end
his heavenly *pater noster* did commend
To his Disciples, bidding them desire
Forgiveneſſe of their sins, as the just hire
Of their forgiving others, some there be
Of your sweet Sect, that do unanimously
Conclude there is no strict necessity
Of our receiving that holy * mistery
Of our salvation (why are we tyed thus)
Say they to shaddows, when Christ dwells in us
Already, why on pictures must we feed
When we posſeſſe the substance.

* Of the Lords Supper.

Antino

Antinom. Twere indeed
A greivous crime in me, for to confer
With one whose wayes, are so Irregular,
Untie those bonds, do chain thy soul and be
No more pertaker, of loves familie
And were it not, that I have hope thou maist
Converted be, ere thou of death do taste
I would discover thee,
Familist. And I but that
I would not people draw to wonder at
Thy self and me, I would unto thy wo
First bang thee soundly, and then let thee go.

The end of the third Sestyad.

The

The fourth Sestyad.

The Argument

A Libertine and an Arminian
Each make known, your fond opinion;
And by the stories, which they tell
We may Judge both, are fit for hell.

Libertine.

GIve me the Joyes on Earth, and tell not me
Of after hopes, future felicitie
I tire to think on, the time present I
Will spend in mirth, and pleasant jollitie
Sit round my hearts, our heads with Ivie crownd
Let quaffe Lyeus, and the healths go round
And singing pearls, unto *Ceres*, we
Unto the Harpe, will foot it lustily
While here I live, Ile spend my time in mirth
Time is no more, when I am gone from earth
This night Ile clip a beauty, would tempt Jove
Equall to Juno, or the Queen of Love
Away with this same fond Philosophie
That tells, the soul lives to Eternitie
Away with such vain fancies when we fall
The soul dyes with the body, &c.

It hath been foretold by the Prophets and Apostles that such men the latter dayes shall afford, and our own age hath verified, their speech unto us, and even for the main question of the Resurrection whereat

they ſtick ſo mightily, was it not plainly foretold, that men ſhould in the latter times ſay, where is the promiſe of his coming; and even at this preſent time is there not exceptions taken againſt the Creation, the Ark, and divers other points, the ground whereof is ſuperfluity of wit, without ground of learning, which may be truly termed, *mater errorum et vitiorum nutrix*, now the chief cauſe of Atheiſm is *SENSUALITY*, which maketh men deſirous to remove all ſtops and impediments of their wicked life, among which, becauſe Religion is the chiefeſt, ſo as neither in this life without ſhame, they can perſiſt therein, nor if that be true without torment in the life to come, they whet their wits to annihilate the joys of heaven, wherein they ſee (if any ſuch be) they have no part; and likewiſe the pains of hel, wherein their portion muſt needs be very great; they labor therefore, not that they may not deſerve thoſe pains, but that deſerving them there may be no ſuch pain to ſeize upon them, but what conceit can be imagined more baſe, then that man ſhould ſtrive to perſwade himſelf, even againſt the ſecret inſtinct (no doubt) of his own mind, that his ſoul is, as the ſoul of a beaſt, mortal, and corruptible with the body, againſt which barbarous opinion, their own Atheiſm is a very ſtrong Argument. *For were not the ſoul a nature ſeparable from the body, how could it enter into diſcourſe of things meerly ſpiritual, and nothing at all pertaining to the body; ſurely the ſoul were not able to conceive any thing of heaven, no not ſo much as to diſpute againſt heaven, and againſt God, if there were not in it ſomwhat heavenly and derived from God,* Thus much by the way.

Arminian

Arminian. Theres no man ſhall,
Perſwade me, but man has, an Innate will
Power of himſelf, to commit good or ill,
I've ſet before thee, fire, and water, chuſe,
Saith God, ev'n which thou wils, which plainly ſhews
Mans power's of himſelf, to take or leave,
To take the good, or elſe the ill receive;
POPE PIUS, had a viſion on a day
As after Dinner on his couch he lay
A glorious Angel did before him ſtand
Bearing a graven Schedule in his hand
On the right ſide, was in a figure plac'd
The heaven of heavens with the Almighty grac'd,
While all his glorious angels ſtanding round
Loud *Allelujaes*, to the *THRONE*, reſound:
On the left hand was *ORCUS* plac'd where ſate
Grim *Pluto*, placed in a throne of ſtate,
Foſhiond of burning braſſe, the Damned Crew
Howling in flames, their forepaſt Acts did rew,
Juſt in the midſt, betwixt both theſe there ſtood
A man wel ſhapt, and of proportion good,
Before whom hung a tablet, in which words
Of letter Capital, this ſenſe affords;
Behold, o man, before thee two ways lie,
The one to joy, tother to miſerie
Doth lead; chuſe which thou wilt, therefore tis ſure
Man may his ſorrow, or his bliſſe procure
By his own inclination; Ergo, *I*
Will in this my opinion Live, and Die.

THE *AUTHOR.*

Ah do not ſo, truſt not to thine own ſtrength,
For fear it plunge thee in Abiſſe at length.

The end of the fourth Seſtyad.

The

The fifth Sestyad.

The Argument.

A Papist as on Pilgrimage he went
Meets with a true beleeving Protestant,
Twixt whom there divers propositions bee
As bout the Masse and Popes Supremacy,
Til in the end, they both agree as one,
And do extol the true Religion.

Papist.

HOly Saint *Christopher* be thou my guide
And ayd my speed, that I by eventide
May arive safely at Saint *Francis* shrine,
That holy *Francis* that by ayd divine
Conversing in the solitary wood
Making wild fruits and water be his food,
O be propitius.

Protestant, See it is my chance
To meet with one wil give me cause to advance
Gods truth above the unwritten veritie,
Worshipful Pilgrim, all hail to thee
That wrapt in errors dost thy journey take
Bare footed, while the firly thorny brake
Often draws blood.

Papist. By Saint *Sebastian*
I now have met a * *SOLIFIDIAN*;
Why thou deluded, how long wilt thou bee
Unto the holy Church an enemie,

* A Protestant so termed by them, because they place their cheif confidence in the Act of faith——.

And

And still persisting in thy wretched state
Dye as an Heretick, excommunicate
By Christs Vicegerent.

Protestant. My good pilgrim hold,
Enough and each too much, thou now hast told
Ime not deluded, but with setled faith
I tye my selfe, to what the Scripture saith
Which in no place mentions the papall throne,
That Septred Kings, must yeeld subjection
To mytred Bishops, that false power do vaunt
That *Christum simulant, & contra christum pugnat*
Nor do I weigh, how me, the Pope shall handle
No though, he curse me, with bel book and candle.

Papist. The ayres infected, O that I had now
Some holy water, for to crosse my brow
O dire I blasphemy have heard thou soul
Who art infected so, with errours foul,
Tis hard to cure thee.

Protest. Nor do I desire
Thou shouldst as my Physitian gaine thy hyre
Which will be more, then all the world affords
My precious soul,

Papist. Although to bandy words
With thee an Heritick, were fond and Vaine
Yet so I see, thart learn'd Ile not abstain
But I wil converse a while, know then that Rome
Is the most ancient Church (where martyrdome)
Diverse Apostles did receive, and there
By Christs appointment, is S. *Peters* chair
Where Christs Vice-gerent, *Peters* seat doth fill
And what he doth Comand, even Christ doth wil
He cannot erre in ought, for on this stone
Christ builds his Church (all opposition)
Shall not prevail against him, every state
Al Kings on Earth to him subordinate;
He to the glorious sun I may compare,
Kings to the Moon, who of his lustre share.

Protest. I hear too much, although tis truth *Rome* was
Once cald the mother Church, but truth did passe
From *Rome*, drove thence by erring fallacies,
By groundless fables, superstitious lies,
When Gods love was relinquisht, and instead
Thereof, was mans traditions honored.
Nor is the Pope to sit in Christ his throne,
For Christ himself doth rule his Church alone;
Nor can we find by what our Savior said
(To *Peter*) that on him alone he laid
A charge to rule his Church, but when he spake
To *Peter*, he did the rest his Partners make,
And not on *Peter*, but upon his faith
Christ builds his Church, when on this rock he saith
Ile build my Church, and whereas you compare
The *Pope* unto the Sun, you grosly erre,
But rather we ful aptly render may
The *Pope* as Moon, for as one wel doth say.

——*Fratri contraria Phœbe*
Ibit & obliquum, bigas agitare per orbem
Indignata, diem poscit sibi totaque discors
Machina convulsi, turbabit fœdera mundi.

The Moon disdeigning of her rule by night
Would needs rule *Phœbus* Carr the day to light,
And by this civil, and unnatural Jarr
Inforced natures bands to fry in Warr.

Even so at first, the Aspiring *Popes* of *Rome*,
When they would Kings as wel as Priests become
Layd claim, and urgd it their Prerogative
For to dispose of Crowns, and those did strive
For to make frustrate, Their so il Intent
They presently deprivd of Government,
And then being seated in the Suns bright Carr
They streight involvd all nations in VVarr,
And now the sole Incendiaries be
For to set Crown and Crown at enmity.

Papist. I do find something in me prompts me now
The *Popes* usurped power to disavow.
Protestant. This man of sin doth hold the world in hand,
He holds his Papal power by Christs command
And lest the vulgar should into it pry
He doth lock up the sacred Verity,
And feeds the peoples minds with outward glosses
With pleasant musick, Images, and Crosses,
With Pilgrimages, Offerings, and Oblations,
With holy Rood days, and such recreations,
With holy-water, wafer, cakes, and challices,
With Copes, & Mitres, Crosiers, such like fallacies
Bewitch the people so, they blindly run
To all excesse of Superstition;
Again, that he his Priests may magnifie
To win them honor in the peoples eye
Theyre told, when once the words of consecration
Are uttred, just upon the elevation
Of the bread God, 'tis very Christ even hee,
Who for their sins, did suffer on the tree,
O horrid, that a mortal should create
Even his Creator.
Papist. I now see the state
That I am in is wretched, and by thee
O happy friend I am converted, see
I am not as *I* was, *I* here lay by
This weed of shame, and now intirely *I*
Will be a Protestant.
Protestant. If so
Thy tongue and heart in equipage do go,
Come follow me, and thou wilt find theres none
Of true Belief, but Protestants alone.

The end of the fifth Sestyad.

THE SIXTH SESTYAD.

The Argument.

Apollo *rageth that the noble bay*
Is worn by thoſe that do not merit it,
He and the Muſes an amercement lay
On ſome, that truſting to their ſor did wit
Do undertake, of things moſt high to ſay,
Yet cannot words unto the matter fit:
Mean time Urania *doth in tears deplore*
Her **Poets loſſe, whoſe like ſhal be no more.*

* *Quarles.*

1.

HE that doth bear the ſilver ſhining bow
Whoſe muſick doth ſurpaſs, that of the ſphears
VVho ſlew great * *Python*, and did *Vulcan* ſhow
VVhere *Mars* and *Venus*, were, to increaſe his fears.
Jove and *Latonas* ſon, whom Readers know
In heaven he of *Sol* the title bears:
In earth he *Liber Pater* called is,
And eke *Apollo* in the ſhades of *Dis*.

* *Ovids Metamor. Lib.* 1.

2.

One time, as on the ſpire of 's * Temple hee
Did ſit, he caſt his moſt refulgent eye
Towards *Pernaſſus* Mount, where he might ſee
The ſacred Nine, not now melodiouſly
As they were wont, to chaunt in Jollitie
Apolloes praiſe, and the great * Diety,
That turnd *IO* to a Cow, but now they were
VVith ſorrow overcome, did joy forbeare.

At *Delphos*

* *Jupiter*

3.

VVith ſpeed to *Hellicon* he took his flight,
VVhere being come, the Muſes did ariſe
And made obeyſance, as was requiſite,
To whom ſaid * *Sminthus*, why, with downcaſt eys,
Are your fair Aſpects clouded, and why dight
In ſable weeds, the reaſon I ſurmiſe.

* A name of *Apollo.*

VVhich

VVhich doth afflict me more, then when my * son
By those unruly Steeds, to death was done.

* *Phaeton.*

4.

Shal part of * her, whom once I lovd so dear,
Be worn by those whose sordid minds I hate;
Why do I, for to shoot, the slaves for bear,
And with my Arrows, their brests penetrate;
Who for to claim the Lawrel do not fear,
Due only unto those, whose happy fate
Hath raised them, my Prophets for to bee,
Or else can claim the same by victorie.

* *Daphne* or the *bay tree.*

5.

Each fellow now, that hath but had a view
Of the learnd *Phrygians* Fables, groweth bold,
And name of Poet doth to himself accrew;
That * Ballad maker too, is now extold
With the great name of Poet, * He that knew
Better far how to row, then pen to hold,
His sordid lines, are sweld to such a weight,
Theyre able for to make, his Boat afreight.

* M. P.
* J. T.

6.

The god of waves hath been my enemy,
Else that base Fool, had Haddocks fed ere now,
And *Fennor* might have wrote his Elegy,
(Another coxcomb) that his wit to show
Wrote many things, the best not worth the eye,
Of any schoolboy, doth his genders know;
But while the Fools I rate, let me not be
Forgetful of those Writers lovd by me.

7.

Although the *Bard*, whose lines unequalled,
Who only did deserve a Poets name
To my Eternal grief, be long since dead,
His lines for ever shal preserve his Fame.
So * his who did so neer his foot paths tread
Whose lines as neer as *Virgils Homers* came,
Do equal *Spencers*, who the soul of verse
In his admired Poems doth rehearse.

* *Samuel Danniel.*

8. But

8.

But ah whose this whose shade before me stands
O tis the Man, whose Fame the earth doth fil,
VVhose vertue is the talk of Forraign Lands
VVhile they admire his Feats of Arms his skil
In Poesie, while he bove all commands
The Muses, who so waited on his Quil
That like to *Sidney*; none ere wrote before
His birth, nor now hees dead shal ere write more.

9.

See him whose Tragick Sceans *EURIPIDES*
Doth equal, and with *SOPHOCLES* we may
Compare great *SHAKESPEAR ARISTOPHANES*
Never like him, his Fancy could display,
VVitness the Prince of *Tyre*, his Pericles,
His sweet and his to be admired lay
He wrote of lustful *Tarquins* Rape shews he
Did understand the depth of Poesie.

10.

* *Drayton.* But *thou dear soul, whose lines when *I* behold
I do astonisht stand, of whom Fame says
* *Polyolbion.* By after times, Thy * songs shal be extold
And mentiond be as equalling my lays
Thou who so sweetly EDVVARDS woes hast told
VVhen other Poems, though of worth decays,
Thine shal be honord, and shal aye subsist
In spight of dark oblions hiding mist.

11.

Ben. Iohnson. So * His that Divine PLAUTUS equalled
Whose Commick vain *MENANDER* nere could hit,
Whose tragick sceans shal be with wonder Read
By after ages for unto his wit
My selfe gave personal ayd *I* dictated
To him when as *Sejanus* fall he writ,
And yet on earth some foolish sots there bee
That dare make Randolf his Rival in degree.

12.

* *Mr. May.* All hail eke unto * thee that didst translate
My loved *LUCAN* into thine own tongue,

And

And what he could not finish snatcht by fate,
Thou hast compleated his ingenuous * song
Thy Fame with his shal nere be out of date
Nor shal base Momus carps thy glory wrong,
But of mine own tree, Ile a garland frame
For thee, and mongst my Propets rank thy name.

* Pharsalia.

13.

So * thine whose rural quil so high doth sound
Theocritus or *Mantuans* ere could bee
So sweet and so sententious ever found
As are thy *Pastorals* of *Britanie*,
Thy fame for aye shal to the skies resound,
And *I* pronounce Thy fluent Poesie
Singing of shepherds is the best ere wit
Invented, and none ere yet equalled it.

Mr *Brown*.

14

Nor thine O *Heywood* worthy to be read
By Kings, whose books of eloquence are such
Enough in praise of thee, can nere be sed
Nor can my Verses, ere extoll too much
Thy reall worth, whose lines unparaled
Although some envious criticks seem to grutch
Shall live on earth to thy eternall Fame
When theirs in grave shall rot, without a name.

15

So eke shall yours, great *Davenant*, *Sherley* and
Thine learned *Goffe*, *Baumont*, and *Fletchers* to
With * his that the sweet Renegaddo pend
With * his who *Cressey* sang, and *Poycters* to
Your works, your names for ever shal commend
Joyned with * his, that wrot how *Scipio*,
Orethrew great *Hannibal*, his ingenious lines
Shall be a pattern, for the after times.

* Mr *Philip Massenger*.
* Mr *Allen*.
* Mr *Nabbs*.

16.

Nor will I * thee forget whose Poesie
Is pure, whose Emblems, Satyrs Pastorals

* Mr *withers*.

Shal

Shal live on earth even to Eternity,
Mr Randal Nor * Thee whose Poems loudly on me calls
For my applause, which here I give, and I
*Mr Mills Pronounce * his merit, that so high Installs
The Muses, in his Night-watch, great to bee,
And times to come shal hugg his Poesie.

17.

But why, *Urania*, hangst thou so thy head,
What grievous loss hath rest thy joys away;
Quoth she, knows not *Apollo* QUARLES is dead
That next to *BARTAS*, sang the heavenliest lay,
And who is he on earth, his steps can tread,
So shal my glory come unto decay;
At this she wept, and wailing wrung her hands,
The Muses mourning round about her stands.

18.

Quoth then *Apollo*, lay this grief aside,
I do assure thee, that thy honor shal
Not fade, but be far greater Amplified;
Theres one who now upon thy name doth cal,
Who hath by *Clio* formerly been tried,
And by her wel approvd; He surely shal
Succeed great *Quarles*, if thou not fale to inspire
And warm his Bosome with thy hottest fire.

19.

Hereat she cheared was, and now as earst
Apollo in the midst, the Muses Nine
Began to sing, CLIO, *Joves* Deeds rehearst
When he the Gyants past, her song Divine
Apollo shapt his tyre unto, where first
I did set forth I must again decline?
What shallow fools shal prate I do not care,
Fly Thou my Book to those that Learned are.

Nunquam me Impune lacessit.

The end of the sixth and last Sestyad.

FINIS.

Num. 2. 11

Diutinus Britannicus,

Collector of the affaires of great BRITAINE

And Martiall proceedings in *Europe*.

From *Wed.* the 2d of *Decem.* to *Tues.* the 8. of *Dece.* 1646.

MAlignants have stolen as much Holland of late from the Presbyterians, and the Independants, as hath made a thousand sheetes for the *Oxford* old Jugglers to wrap their evill spirits in at *Aulicus* his Maske (who it is said hath contracted a Company for *Newcastle*, to shew Gamballs at Court this Christmasse) The Mummers parts were drawne from a publike Conference, betwixt six Presbyterian Ministers, and some Independants, held at *Oxford* on Thursday, *Novem.* 12. 1646. (as one of his Disciples saith.)

But amongst all this Laundry, none will owne any part of it, nor subscribe it, but one in *Paine*, till hee have propagated the Malignant laughter, and printed in the yeare, and 1646. And I have no quarrell to any of these, but to the Malignity that is wrapt within the sheets, and printed within the Gatisons of *London*, And it is a dangerous designe to our estate and affaires, to permit any *Paine* or *Aulicus* or *Oxford* Cavalier of them all to write, (And our own Presses to print) against our friends, (The Parliament on the right hand, The Clergy on the left hand, or the Army their fights for both) like *Pans Nymphs* of *Arcadie*, to make them Pipes, now they have so runne themselves out of breath.

He begins thus, *S. I. R.* Though you be never so serious, I must breake in upon you. The man will venture his soule for the profit of a paire of sheets, approve him never so seriously for it:

Nay,